

POEMS

PEACE? . . .

V. F. Beliajus

Holy night, silent night.
All is quiet—
Except my heart is torn by storm.
Burning flames consume me.
No matter how great the flood of tears
Intense the flames remain.
Silent is the night,
But not my heart.

G. I. STEW

By Pvt. Gene Wierbach

There's Slumgullion, Goulash and Mulligan
All three of special brew
But if you please a chowhound
Just give him GI stew.

Take lots of "aqua pura"
Some flour to make it thick
Pork or beef or mutton
Pepper for a kick.

Now toss in some odds and ends
Of celery leaves and spuds
Don't forget the onion
Or a few nice garlic buds.

Cook this potage tenderly
And serve on boiled rice
Topped with sprigs of parsley
'Twill make it look so nice.

But, alas it never is like this
No matter what they do
The rice resembles mother's starch
The stew resembles glue.

THE WARMING TREE

Jon Beck Shank

The tree has reached its age and
presently
Is young again with silver beads and
ear drops:
Its breathy scent is spiced with vigor
of
An overheated young man in from
skiing.
It shields the scene beneath it brood-
ingly:
Immobile figures dent a warm snow,
Suspending life for peace below the
rich
Rich benediction of these kind-ex-
tended arms,
The closely bristling, spiked protect-
ing walls.
The head-gear star, more bright than
added candles,
Smiles like the eye of an old man,
gold
And steel, under his foil-gray hair,
And filters down as visible kindness
through
The draped and decorated green tent
shape,
Kindling the little land beneath,
Warming the commonest blood.
The tree is goodness, do you feel?
Is your night cold?

IT WAS ONLY A DREAM, BUT . . .

No sooner I fell asleep, I found my-
self anxiously pacing the floors, going
from one window to the other to await
Kazy's coming. It has been two and a
half years since I saw him last. Since
then, he saw the ardours of battles on
many Pacific islands. But I saw no Kazy
coming. I went outside and restlessly
walked about the patio that faced the
street. Neighbors returning from their
shopping joyously informed me: "We
saw Kazy. He looks grand!" Others ad-
ded: "You'll be proud of your brother.
He looks swell in his Marine uniform."

But why does Kazy tarry? Doesn't he
realize how anxious I am to see him?
Perhaps the neighbors are stopping him
on the street. Perhaps while passing he
stopped at the drug store to purchase
something and was detained by friends
who are also happy to see him.

I ran to the drug store. It was crowd-
ed with people. I saw a mute lad whom
I knew well (but in actual life I haven't
seen him in many years and he lives in
Minnesota), and in my brand of sign
language I asked him: "Did you see
Kazy?" But he shrugged his shoulders,
either denoting that he did not under-
stand me or that he did not see him.

As I was about to leave the crowded
drug store, I stopped for a moment to
grasp at a tall 7'-7" Marine dressed in
blue. His height made me fear lest he'll
fall like a felled tree. And everytime he
swayed, people stretched out their hands
at his back to prevent his falling. But
why do I stare? I must find him.

Running through the streets I com-
pared my situation with that of the
ancient folk songs found in the Bible,
called, "The Song of Songs," where the
bride Shulamith ran through the streets
of Jerusalem to find her beloved who
seemed to be everywhere yet out of her
grasp.

Then, in my dream I recalled a factual
incident that transpired when Kazy was
coming home from Camp Pendleton,
Calif., for his furlough prior to his going
across. In his call he said he would ar-
rive at the Englewood Station. But when
the train pulled in, he was not there.
Kazy arrived on a different train that
did not even come through the South
Side, and to a station fifteen miles away.
For a while I was frantic, but at the
information booth they told me that an-
other California train is arriving three
hours late. So I went home.

Meanwhile, Kazy who forgot where he
told me to meet him, searched for me
but did not see me. "It was so unlike
Vyts," he reasoned. He called me over
the phone several times and there was
no response. He worried lest an accident
overtaken me, Not having a key to the
house, he went to his girl's home who
lived at the far southwest (I lived at
the far southeast). Finally his call found
me home. My first reaction was of un-
reasonable ire for his going to her house
and not coming home. The next half
hour until the two arrived, were years in
length.

As if a voice from nowhere whispered

a warning during my continued dream.
"Don't build your dreams around Kazy!"

I begun to weep. A drenching rain was
pouring. Someone saw Kazy go toward
the house. I ran making short-cuts
through alleys. I unlatched one gate,
and wept even louder. I begun to rouse
from my sleep. Semi-consciously, I plead-
ed: "God, don't let my dream fade, not
till I saw Kazy. Not till I embraced him
and with tear-filled eyes of joy told him
'how well you look! How proud I am of
you!' But the dream was fading and I
still had one more gate to unlatch, and
I awoke.

* * * *

I could sleep no longer. But my fol-
lowing thoughts I wish to share, espe-
cially with parents whose children left
them as boys who as yet did not have
to shave and will return as men.

* * * *

Since he was a tiny lad, Kazy was my
favorite. I ran about with him riding on
my shoulder. I saw him grow into a
strong and healthy six foot lad. I wanted
he be spared of all sorrow I suffered
when a boy, and that he should have all
the pleasures that were denied to me.
I took him along on most of my trips,
that he may see the country and meet
many people. I was planning a college
education for him. Yes, to George Wil-
liams College he will go.

But the war came. All the sorrows and
all the cruelties of life I tried to spare
him—he experienced in greater intensity
and at a shorter space of time. He will
come back a man! Not because he will
be of voting age and be shaving his
face, but on the strenght of his experi-
ences. They will be the factors that will
mold his future life and thoughts. To
me this means "Exit Vyts." Perhaps at
first I'll not be able to grasp the mean-
ing of it. There will be a wide gap of
three or perhaps even four years. Im-
portant years during which period the
transition from boyhood into manhood
took place and which transition I did
not have the pleasure of seeing as I did
so happily watch his growth into boy-
hood. I'll see in front of me a young
man with a huskier voice, a developed
body such as the Kazy I knew did not
own and perhaps with estranged man-
nerisms. With misgiving I'll question
myself: "Is this my kid brother? Is this
the Kazy who left my house?" Yes, the
same Kazy of a different personality
toward whom I'll have to do the read-
justing. I'll no more be able to advise
him anything. He can and he will make
his own decisions.

This, all of us will have to face with-
out regret, but with thankfulness to a
merciful God that at least he came back
alive. How much more fortunate we shall
deem ourselves than they who shall see
their dear ones no more.

V. F. Beliajus

A woman who has a progressively
educated child of five, and on her way
toward having another, was a little em-
barrassed when she got on a crowded
bus with her daughter who promptly
asked in a sure shrill voice: "Who'll
give my poor pregnant mother a seat?"

IT'S TH TRUTH

HELP

A Catholic Chaplain at an advanced
Marine base was put in charge of a
Protestant service, too. He had only one
handicap: the hymns were strange to
him. One Sunday morning he was stuck,
couldn't remember how the opening
hymn begun. The Marines noticed his
embarrassment, when a Texas voice sang
out: "That's allright preacher, we'll take
care of the singing—you just give us
hell."

SIX

There are six Six boys in the armed
forces, five of the six Six boys are in the
Army and the sixth Six is in the Navy.
Their home is Philadelphia.

OBLIGING WAITER

Ft. Riley, Kan.—When Lt. Col. Frank
Meyers sat down to dinner at the officers'
Club, the waiter brought him a knife
and a fork, but no spoon. "This coffee,"
he remarked pointedly, "is going to be
pretty hot to stir with my fingers." The
waiter beat a hasty retreat and return-
ed with another cup of coffee. "Maybe
this isn't so hot, sir," he beamed.

PLEASE!

"Stars and Stripes" tells a story of a
2nd Lt. working as a trial judge advocate
in North Ireland. He tacked this mess-
age on his door: "Court martial docket
completely jammed. Any soldier desirous
of committing a violation of the Articles
of War will please postpone said inten-
tion for at least 10 days."

GENEROUS

Admiral Halsey was late getting to a
football game and stepped on a sailor's
foot while scrambling to his seat. The
sailor, not looking up, yelled: "Get off
my foot, you big lug." Then he recog-
nized the Admiral, blurted: "Oh, my good-
ness, beg pardon sir. Here's my other
foot—go ahead—step on it!"

WIRES

A G-I on furlough wired Lt. Curtis T.
Schowalter, Commanding Officer, the fol-
lowing: "Whosoever findeth a wife find-
eth a good thing. Prov. 18:22. Therefore
request five days extension. My confi-
dence in you tells me you'll agree."

The Commanding Officer responded by
collect wire: "Parting is such sweet
sorrow, Romeo and Juliet, Act 2, Scene 2.
Extension denied. My confidence in you
assures me you'll be back on time."

COMPANY

A man in Atlanta took four friends
to visit a farm he owned. The visitors
entered the tenant farmer's house, were
a little embarrassed when they discov-
ered he had only two chairs. Finally the
owner said: "I don't believe you have
enough chairs here."

The old farmer took a dip of snuff,
muttered: "I got plenty of chairs—just
too durn much company."

SHO NUFF, HONEY CHILE

The Sawsahty auf Suthrn Accent was
ben done did awrganized in Gadsden,
Ala., Fust meetin' to be heyeld at Hope,



FINNY'S FUNNIES

Barber: "Here's the 'brush-like' hair
cut you wanted, soldjr."

Lil: "That soldier is as bald as a bill-
iard ball. How do you suppose he got
that way?"

Bill: "He was probably caught in a
hair raid."

She: "I wouldn't marry you if you
were the only man on earth."

He: "Of course you wouldn't; you'd
get killed in the rush."

"Waiter, you can't expect me to eat this
stuff. I want you to call the manager."

Waiter: "Sorry, sir, it's no use; he
won't eat it either."

A Chinese had a toothache and phoned
a dentist for an appointment.

"Two-thirty all right?" asked the
dentist.

"Yes," replied the Chinese. "Tooth
hurtee, all right. What time I come?"

Gal: "Thanks for the hug."

Gob: "The pressure was mine."

"My wife," said one, "is very poetic.
She gets up at sunrise and says 'Lo the
morn!'"

"Huh!" said the other sadly. "Mine
says 'mow the lawn!'"

Three G-I letters: (1) "Dear Mom, can't
tell you where I am as it's a military
secret, but last night I shot a polar
bear."

(2) "Dear Mom, can't tell you where
I am, but last night I danced with a
Hula girl."

(3) "Dear Mom, I can't tell you that
I am in a hospital, and altho I can't tell
how or why I got here, I can and will
say that I should have shot the girl, and
danced with the bear."

Jill: "What makes you so stiff?"

Bill: "Perhaps I eat too many starches."

Ark., cause it hays fewest Yankees 'n
"Geo-lingually" it is in the centah of the
Suthrn accent belt. So, Mawnin' glowry,
Sweet pea and Sugah baby, Ah reckon
y'all join 'n he'p prevent assimilation,
so that we may retain awr nationnality.
Deawn with the Yankee tawk. Lawng
live the Confederacy! Yeah man!

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN AIR RAID

(Thank your lucky stars that we will
not have to follow the advice given.)

1. As soon as the bombs start drop-
ping run like heck, it doesn't matter as
long as you run.

2. Wear track shoes if possible, you
will find it much easier climbing over
the slowpokes in front of you.

3. Take advantages of opportunities
afforded you when air raid sirens sound:
(a) If in a bakery, grab some pie or
cake. (b) If in a tavern, grab a bottle.
(c) If in a movie, women grab a Clark
Gable, men a Betty Grable.

4. If you find an unexploded bomb,
always pick it up and shake it hard.
Maybe the firing pin is stuck. If that
doesn't work, heave it in the furnace.
The fire department will come later and
take care of things.

5. If an incendiary bomb is found
burning in the building, you are to throw
gasoline on it. You can't put it out any-
way so you might as well have a little
fun.

(a). If no gasoline is available, throw
a bucket of water on it. Lie down.
YOU ARE DEAD!

6. Always get excited and holler
bloody murder. It will add to the fun of
confusion and scare the devil out of the
kids.

7. Drink heavily, eat onions, limberger
cheese, etc., before entering a crowded
air raid shelter. It will make you un-
popular with people within your im-
mediate vicinity, eliminating necessary
discomfort that would be more prevalent
if people crowded too closely.

8. If you should be the victim of a
direct hit, don't go to pieces, lie still
and you won't be noticed.

9. Knock air raid wardens down if
any start to tell you what to do. They
always save the best seats for themselves
and their friends anyhow.

10. For further details consult your
local undertaker. He'll give you the
business.

The Air Raid Warden.

A tourist entered the best restaurant
in a small Montana town. "Whatcha
got?" he growled.

"Sage hen," answered the waiter.

"What's sage hen?"

"It's a bird that lives around here,"
explained the waiter.

"Has it got wings?" the tourist in-
quired.

"Of course it's got wings."

"Then I don't want any!" snorted the
tourist. "I don't want nothing that has
wings and still stays in Montana."

Pvt.: "What's the best way to teach a
girl to swim?"

Pfc.: "That requires technique. First
you put your left hand around her waist,
then you gently take her left hand and—"

Pvt.: "She is my sister."

Pfc.: "Oh—push her off the dock."

"Sugar pie," said the dark one to his
Susie, "Did that kiss I just gave you
make you long for another?"

"It sure did," said Susie, "but he's
out of town."